

MOB ALMOST CAPTURES MATHIS

MAYFIELD MEN FALL IN HANDS OF THE POLICE

Bent On Lynching But Are Glad To Be Turned Loose Upon Their Promises To Return Home

WORK OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OFFICERS

Paducah was in the hands of a mob last night—apparently.

In reality, the mob was in the hands of the Paducah police. The latter only kept their hands off the boys from Graves county until they could round up the whole bunch.

Very few got away.

The mob came from Mayfield actuated by high motives, even if it was bent on unlawfulness; but the predominance of the juvenile element marked the expedition for failure from its inception. It did not take the Paducah and McCracken county officers long to size up the strength of the invading force, and then what promised to be a serious affair was turned into one of the most comical proceedings in the history of Paducah.

At midnight sixty Graves county men and boys were howling for blood. At 2 o'clock they were promising to go home, if the police would only set them free to catch the train to Mayfield.

The arrest of the mob reflects credit on both the county and city officers. Sheriff Ogilvie, Jailer and Police Lieutenant Tom Potter's plans were admirably drawn up, while the deputies and patrolmen executed the plans as if quelling a riot was an every day occurrence in Paducah. Patrolmen Cross, Woods, Hurley, Hill, Alexander and Terrell, City Jailer Everts and Deputy Sheriffs Gus Rogers and Clark Fortson, armed with riot guns, participated in the round up.

Police Judge Puryear was called out of bed and went to the city hall. At his instance the police allowed the men to go, on condition that they return to Mayfield. Only two of them, H. L. Mullins and Ed Strunson, were arrested for carrying concealed weapons. Revolvers were found on them by Patrolman Hurley. They were released on bond of \$50 each.

Ben Giles, of Paducah, also was arrested for the same offense.

How It Started.

The original mob of thirty, who followed the Graves county officers with the prisoner, had dwindled to less than a score when they reached the city, but their ranks were augmented by others following in vehicles and freight trains. Nearly 70 came on the 1:40 o'clock passenger train and many Paducahans joined the crowd.

The mob began to congregate at Fourth street and Kentucky avenue shortly before 10 o'clock, just after the officers arrived with the prisoner. The jail was their objective point, but they discussed various plans among themselves, and it was obvious there was no master mind in the crowd to direct its efforts. No rope was in evidence, but the talk was of shooting the prisoner.

They moved on the jail soon after 10 o'clock and the crowd on Sixth street constantly increased until, perhaps, 200 men were standing around. The most of them were waiting to see what would be done.

Patrolmen Cross and Hurley, of the day watch, were assigned to special duty, and Gus Rogers, Jailer Eaker and Clark Fortson stood out in front.

Rogers invited three men, selected from the crowd, to inspect the jail. No one moved toward the door, but they gathered into groups to discuss the meaning of this new offer. It was never accepted.

Soon it had its effect. Suspicion gained ground that the man never had been brought here, that he was spirited away again, that he was to be taken to Louisville or Eddyville on the first train.

Gradually, then swiftly, the crowd melted; some taking buggies to scour the country, others hurrying to the

railroad station. What few remained were driven away by the police and deputies and the jail was deserted by the crowd outside.

That was after 1 o'clock and the train from Mayfield was expected to bring in a desperate crowd. The policemen and deputies armed themselves with riot guns and again took up their positions along Sixth street in front of the jail.

A street car load poured into Sixth street at Clark street and cabs and buggies filled with Mayfield men came to the scene.

That was the last demonstration. They were all together, and Patrolman Hurley told them to move.

The crowd sank back, but the officers closed in and lined them up on the sidewalk on Clark street. They were driven then like sheep to the city hall.

The boys knew it was all up, for at every attempt of one to stray, a bawling officer with a shotgun ordered him back in line.

Revolvers were at a discount.

At the corner of Fifth street a man with a lantern was seen walking through his front yard after the droves passed, searching the grass. By a flash of his lantern it was seen he had a half dozen revolvers of different calibres in his arms. He was stooping to pick up another.

To the city hall they went and into the council chamber.

Fifty-six were seated in the front part of the hall, laughing and joking each other. As a new one came in, his nickname was shouted from the chairs. Only two guns were displayed in the crowd.

One wise man carried an army Colt's sticking conspicuously from his upper coat pocket and he was not molested.

Harold Finley, in knee breeches and not over four feet tall, but protesting that he is nearly 16 years old, carried a gun nearly as long as he was.

Presently the crowd became uneasy as train time approached and when it was announced that Judge Puryear downstairs had agreed to dismiss them, if they would go home, there was a cheer and a rush for the door, where four policemen searched each man as he went out.

From the indications this was the most peaceable crowd that ever attended any kind of a session in the council chamber. Not a gun, not a cartridge, was found in a Graves county pocket.

But a moment later the patrolmen glanced out the front window and the sight that greeted their eyes explained the whole situation. The boys were taking the time to pick their revolvers on the lawn on the west side of the city hall, where they had surreptitiously dropped them from the windows of the council chamber. They were speedily driven away.

Then new source of trouble arose. Some Paducah men immediately embraced the opportunity to supply themselves with firearms.

Patrolman Hurley brought in Mr. Tully, from the livery stable across the street, who, Patrolman Hurley said, was concealing revolvers in his desk. It was the opinion of the patrolman

that Mr. Tully was putting the revolvers away for the men who found them around the city hall.

Mr. Tully said he thought he was just taking care of revolvers for his friends, who were fearful lest they be arrested for violating the law. He promised to bring the guns to Judge Puryear.

It took a long while to rid the city hall of the mob, and a longer while for the two arrested to furnish bond. Many of them missed the train.

STITCHED TO CHIN

Was the Tongue of Man Who Attempted to Kill Himself.

New York, July 27.—Alleging he was the victim of a conspiracy to railroad him to the state prison, Wallace K. Freeman, an expert chemist, the alleged possessor of a secret for making artificial camphor, who was arrested in his home at Oseawane, N. Y., on a charge that he embezzled \$2,500 from Parke, Davis and company, wholesale druggists attempted to end his life with morphine today in his cell in police headquarters. In St. Vincent's hospital to night it was said that Freeman's tongue had been drawn out and stitched to his chin to prevent his choking to death. He was still being walked up and down by two attendants at the close of an all day struggle to save his life.

MADE A FORTUNE

Did the Express Clerk Who Bought Panama Canal Bonds.

New York, July 27.—It was learned today that J. H. Bahe & company, bankers, had purchased the \$5,000,000 Panama canal bonds recently allotted by the treasury department to Samuel Bwerly, an express company's clerk of this city. Bahe & company have in turn disposed of the bonds to Fisk and Robinson, who were the successful bidders for the greater portion of the issue. The price of the bonds already has advanced to 104.40, which means a profit of \$27,024 for the clerk.

DYING MAN

Carried Eighty-Two Miles in Seventy Minutes.

Camden, N. J., July 27.—To save a human life a record run of 82 miles in 70 minutes was made from Cape May to Camden by a special train over the Reading railroad this afternoon. John Daubman, a machinist, 23 years old, of Camden, had been sent to Cape May to repair a disabled locomotive. His legs were crushed and a special train was given the right of way in its wild dash. Word had been telegraphed ahead, and the city ambulance was in waiting when the train pulled into Camden.

HE IS WEAK-MINDED.

Chief of Police James Collins believes that Mathis is an idiot. "From what I can understand, Mathis is weak-minded, and when completely reconciled to his position, talked freely to visitors at the jail," he said. "I think the boy is half-witted."

Exhumed Her Dog.

Petersburg, Ind., July 27.—Mrs. J. W. Bergen, of this city, had her dog buried at the Walnut Hill cemetery here on Monday. Lot owners protested and Sexton Elijah Morley this morning exhumed the animal and buried it in an adjoining field.

BROUGHT TO BAY WITH PRISONER

Charles Hart Has Narrow Escape From Mob.

Works a Ruse Successfully and Gets Away From Men With Drawn Pistols.

POLICEMEN TO THE RESCUE.

While being spirited away to a place of safety Allen Mathis was seized along with his guard, Charles Hart, the blacksmith, and for a time it looked as though the mob would get the prisoner. Through the desperate efforts of Hart the pursuers were outstripped, but an unfortunate break-down of the buggy the two were riding in, sufficed to bring them to bay again, and Hart with his charge was arrested by one man and started to town, where the stranger intended turning the negro over to the mob.

Hart, with Murray Howie, a regular deputy jailer, started out for the woods with Mathis. A circuitous route was taken and at the Palmer Transfer company stable on Jefferson between Fourth and Fifth streets, Howie left the buggy to go in and telephone to Jailer James Eaker.

Hart and the negro were left standing outside in the buggy. Suddenly three men came along and started for the buggy. They carried pistols and pulled them on Hart, demanding the negro.

They had recognized the prisoner.

Hart had his whip in hand. He struck the horse time and again and quickly put several squares between himself and his pursuers.

The Mayfield men jumped into a buggy standing near the stable and followed. In the chase Hart's gun dropped out and the deputy jailer was powerless to withstand an attack from his pursuers. All he could do was drive.

At the Home of the Friendless near Rowlandtown the buggy broke down and Hart ran into an alley with his charge. He was observed by one Mayfield scout, who pulled a pistol and demanded him to bring the negro along.

It seemed to be all up with Mathis.

Hart suggested going into the No. 3 fire station, Tenth and Clay streets, to telephone and secure a drink of water. The stranger agreed.

Patrolman John McCune was sitting in the station house, and seeing the stranger's drawn gun, suspected trouble and assisted Hart.

Hart telephoned to the police station and in a jiffy Patrolmen Cross and Alexander were detailed to the station house. They succeeded in rescuing Hart and his charge, and Howie, who had been lost in the shuffle, joined the party and the prisoner was spirited away once more.

DOUBLE LYNCHING.

The officers, who brought Mathis to Paducah, are of the opinion that the mob in Mayfield was fully determined to hold a double lynching last night. A negro prisoner from Hickman is kept in the Graves county jail for safekeeping, and several members of the mob inquired particularly if that prisoner had confessed his guilt.

GUS ROGERS WAS COOL.

Gus Rogers was cool last night and what he said to the mob around the jail went. The crowd had a wholesome respect for the big deputy. Once he sent at least fifty of them scattering by simply ordering them to clear out.

CALMLY HE CONFESSES TO HIS HORRIBLE CRIME

Shows Little Feeling Except That He Is Relieved When Doors of the Jail Are Closed

GRAND JURY WILL TAKE THE CASE MONDAY

Mayfield, Ky., July 27.—While naturally the crime of Allen Mathis remains the principal topic of conversation today, public feeling is quieting, and the opinion even is hazarded that it will be perfectly safe to bring the prisoner back, whenever preparations are completed for the trial. It is announced that the grand jury will be convened Monday and within ten days the negro will be tried in the circuit court. The term is not technically over here.

Ten Minutes to Spare.

With just ten minutes to spare and a desperate mob of thirty men at their heels, Joe H. Weeks, county attorney of Graves county, and W. B. Sullivan, John Galloway and Oscar Elmore, deputies, reached Paducah with their prisoner, Allen Mathis, the self-confessed assailant of 18-year-old Ethel McClain about 9 o'clock last night. They had no more than clapped him in jail and put their horses in the livery stable before the mob in rigs and on horse back came clattering into the city.

The Graves county men went directly to the Tully livery company, Fourth street and Kentucky avenue, and put up their horses. Then they gathered in a crowd, augmented by a few Paducahans, and talked over the best means of breaking into the jail.

Desperate Escape.

The action of the officers in getting away from Mayfield was almost desperate in its bravery. They took the mob by surprise and marched the prisoner out in the face of 800 infuriated citizens, who had not ceased hurling imprecations and threats at the prisoner and his guardians, when the words were frozen on their lips by the astonishing sight of the five forms on the jail steps.

Attorney Weeks raised his hand and held the mob spellbound. Then slowly he told them he intended taking the negro to another county, and assured the mob that anyone who attempted to interfere with the officers would be promptly punished.

The mob lacked a leader. It had not anticipated an effort to spirit away the prisoner before darkness came. It had planned to stand guard until then in order to prevent the officers tricking it, and then rush the jail.

As the deputies and the county attorney walked down the steps not a hand was raised against them in the front ranks, although many were armed with revolvers and Winchester. But farther back where the carriage was standing somebody began pulling at the tugs, and in a moment the horses were unhitched. Then an incipient cheer went up, but Attorney Weeks again commanded silence, and repeated his threat of prosecution. Again the lack of a leader was apparent. The mob hesitated and special guards of the jail hitched the horses once more.

The party climbed into the carriage and drove furiously right through the heart of the mob, that seemed to block the streets, clear to the outskirts of the town. They drove east three miles until a cross road was reached and then they turned toward the north, whipping the horses to an awful pace.

In the meantime some of the more daring in the crowd came to themselves, and hastily collecting rigs, set out in pursuit. About thirty pressed on with all speed and arrived in Paducah a few moments

after the prisoner arrived.

The negro sat in stolid silence all through the journey. He is a dull witted fellow and seemed to appreciate little his predicament. However, as the jail door clanged behind him, and the bolt slipped, a look of relief crept over his face. That was all.

Story of Crime.

He confessed to criminal assault and told everything without a change of expression in his face. He said the circus people with the Robinson shows mistreated him and he left them at Mayfield, where he set out on a career of robbery.

It was for the purpose of robbery that he attacked the McClain girl on the lonely railroad track. He seized her pocketbook and opened it. She had no money. Then he grabbed her about the waist and declared his vile intentions. She screamed and he placed his hand over her mouth. She struggled, but he said this made him only the more determined. And then—

And then, Riley Leo Kelso, a negro, came in sight. Kelso saw them tussling and hurried. Mathis ran into the bushes and Kelso pursued until the girl called him back and asked him to accompany her home. He did so. There she repeated her story and the police were notified.

The word spread like wild fire, the worst not being known at first. Several arrests were made, but Jesse Cooley at the head of a section gang, finally arrested the negro, as he was running for a corn field.

This was at Clay Switch. The officers were notified and went after him. As they returned to the jail they were met by an infuriated mob. The negro was conducted into the jail and there he confessed. The girl was brought in and identified him. Kelso also identified him.

The girl is able to be up, although suffering terribly from the shock.

Confesses Brutality.

Mathis is a low type of the desperado and attributes the cause of his act to financial troubles.

"I was mistreated about my money," the negro declared this morning. He was found sleeping on the floor in the jail cage and did not appear to be nervous. He talked rationally, but claimed that he was not responsible for his acts at some times. From every indication he is not mentally unbalanced.

"My name is Allen Mathis and I was born in Brownsville, Tenn., sixteen years ago," Mathis stated to a reporter this morning. "My mother and father are both dead, and I have been working to support myself for years. I worked about tobacco barns in Mayfield for several years, but for the past four years had been away. When the John Robinson show played in Fulton I joined it and waited on the table one day. This is all the show business I engaged in. I went with the circus to Mayfield and remained there after it left, working about the tobacco barns.

"There is a colored pool room in Mayfield and the proprietor of it was recently robbed of some money. They accused me of breaking into the place

but I was not responsible. The police asked me about it, and they mistreated me so much that I did not care what they did. Wednesday afternoon I started out into the woods, I had been sleeping in the woods, having no other place to go, and saw the white girl. I felt that I did not care what I did and seized her. First I asked if she had any money and she replied that she did not. I seized her and accomplished my purpose. I did not repeat the act and did not run. The girl walked up the hill and secured a negro man to return to me with her. I went into the woods when they appeared. I did not run at all but did hide at Clay Switch when I learned that I was wanted. I simply was mistreated about my money and did not care what I did."

Mathis talked coolly and did not seem to care if his life was in immediate danger. He was pretty much fatigued from the excitement of the day and seemed glad to secure an opportunity to sleep.

Before the negro admitted his guilt he told several different stories. He claimed he did not force her to the ground. When buckled down to the truth and made to feel that a lie would be of no service to him, he admitted his act, claiming that the woman fought him and seemed to have great strength. He alleges he did not bruise her or beat her.

"My mind comes and goes," the negro declared, "and I hardly know what I am doing at times."

This was another of Mathis' dodges. He has never been tried for lunacy.

Had Mathis in Country.

Mathis did not spend all of last night in the county jail but was taken away from the place shortly after his arrival and guarded by Deputy Jailer Murray Howie and Mr. Charles Hart, the blacksmith. Howie and Hart took Mathis to the Roberts farm in the "Barracks" west of Paducah. They returned the prisoner at 4 o'clock this morning and at that time all excitement had died down and the jail was not guarded when Howie and Hart returned. The coolness displayed by the prisoner at all times was astonishing to the guards. He did not realize or care, it seemed, whether he eluded the mob or was taken by it.

Chief McNutt's Story.
C. H. McNutt, chief of police of Mayfield, who captured Allen Mathis, was in the city this morning on business, and said:

"After I had captured Mathis near Clay Switch and was coming back to town, a crowd of men, about 50 I should say, stopped us and it was only after I had talked to them several minutes and told them that I did not think the negro would be taken away from Mayfield, that they would leave. I believe they would have hung him there if they had thought he would be carried away.

"When we got to town, I held the negro in my office for a few minutes. In my office was a box of rope used for hanging criminals, which had never been opened. A crowd of men came into the office and broke open this box, tied one end of the rope to the table and were determined to hang the negro by throwing him out the window. Some other officers came in then and we managed to dissuade them. There were two things that saved the negro from immediate lynching. One was nobody was drunk. The other was the fact that it was daylight.

"The Cumberland Telephone company, for whom the young woman worked, immediately threw open its lines to anybody who could give information concerning the where-

(Continued on fourth.)

By the consent of the people of Paducah, The Sun has the largest circulation in the city and county. The average for June was 4072 a day.

Partly cloudy with occasional showers tonight or Saturday. The highest temperature reached yesterday was 88 and the lowest this morning was 67.